

BACONIANA

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SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

From the original of Sir Ant. More.

BACONIANA.

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SIDNEY'S SHAKE-SPEARE SONNETS.

"Nor ever sing the love-lays which he made,—
Who ever made such lays of love as he? —
Nor ever read the riddles which he said
Unto yourselves, to make you merry glee.
Your merry glee is now laid all abed,
Your merry-maker now, alas! is dead."

IN the preceding number of BACONIANA, I endeavored to show that the Shake-speare Sonnets were not written by Sir Walter Raleigh, Francis Bacon, Anthony Shirley or William Shakspeare.

After a careful examination of them, I am of the opinion that Sir Philip Sidney was their author.

I will give the reasons for my opinion, trusting that, if I am right, others who have more learning and leisure than I have will make Sidney's title to the authorship complete and perfect; and willing, if I am shown to be wrong, to acknowledge my error.

I am only writing about the Shake-speare Sonnets, and not about the plays. The author of the plays, whether Francis Bacon or William Shakspeare, even if rightfully deprived of the claim to the sonnets, has fame and glory enough without them. Chambers, in his *Encyclopædia of English Literature*, in an article on Shakspeare, says of the sonnets:

"We almost wish, with Mr. Hallam, that Shakspeare had not written these sonnets, beautiful as many of them are in language and imagery. They represent him in a character foreign to that in which we love to regard him — as modest, virtuous, self-confiding and independent. His excessive and elaborate praise of youthful beauty in a man seems derogatory to his genius and savors of adulation; and when we find him excuse this friend for robbing him of his mistress — *a married female* — and subjecting his noble spirit to all the pangs of jealousy, of guilty love and blind, misplaced attachment, it is painful and difficult to believe that all this weakness and folly can be associated with the name of Shakspeare."

When reference is made in these pages to the Shakespeare plays and poems, the name will be spelled as it was printed in the Folio of 1623. When, however, the man William Shakspeare is referred to, the name will be spelled as he himself signed it to his will.

The same reasons would apply to Bacon. The sentiments and statements of the sonneteer do not correspond with the character of Bacon or with the incidents of his life.

The first reason which I give to the literary world in support of my opinion that Sir Philip Sidney wrote the Shake-speare Sonnets is founded upon the fact that upon the face of the sonnets themselves he admitted or declared that he was the author. This reason ought of itself to be sufficient to bring conviction to the minds of all unprejudiced and disinterested students of the sonnets. But where and how did Sidney make such declaration or admission? The seventy-sixth sonnet reads thus:

“ Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
 So far from variation or quick change?
 Why with the time do I not glance aside
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keep invention in a noted weed,
 That every word doth almost tell my name,
 Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
 Oh, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument;
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent;
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told.”

The sonnets as far as number 76, and indeed all of them except two (number 126, which consists of six rhymed couplets, and number 145, which is in eight-syllable verse), are “all one, ever the same,” and the poet kept “invention in a noted weed.” He strictly molded and fashioned his rhyme to the one dress of three separate quatrains clinched with a final couplet, up to sonnet number 76. Sonnet 99, it may be noted, has one extra line.

The “new-found methods and the compounds strange” referred to the attempted remodeling of English metres on the classic method as proposed by Sidney’s friend Gabriel Harvey.

This was Harvey’s hobby, and Sidney used the classic measures very freely in his *Arcadia*; and although Spenser declared that all such productions stumble “either like a lame gosling that draweth one leg after or like a lame dog that holdeth one leg up,” he also participated with Sidney in the use of classic measures.

Sidney was an expert in all classic forms and measures, and he was thoroughly competent to keep invention in one dress or weed,

and especially in the type or dress of the Shakespeare sonnets. I will ask the reader to compare sonnets 109 and 110 of *Astrophel and Stella* with the Shakespeare sonnets 129 and 146.

Mr. Symonds, in his *Life of Sidney*, on page 143, speaking of sonnets 109 and 110, which form a part of *Astrophel and Stella*, says that "no one reading them will fail to be struck with the resemblance to Shakespeare's superb sonnets upon lust and death, which are perhaps the two most completely powerful sonnets in our literature."

Love is the subject and argument of the sonnets. The poet emphasizes this in the following line :

"Oh, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument."

The word "love" is the chief word of the sonnets. It is incorporated in them more than two hundred times. It is the word which tells the poet's name. But how does love stand for and represent the name of Sir Philip Sidney?

Sidney indulged rather extravagantly in what Camden calls the alchemy of wit. In other words, he arranged his name in the form of an anagram or metagram.

A learned writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1858, thus describes his method of obtaining a pseudonym :

"Sir Philip Sidney, having abridged his own name into *Phil. Sid.*, anagrammatized it into *Philisides*. Refining still further, he translated *Sid.*, the abridgment of *Sidus*, into *astron*, and, retaining the *Phil.* as derived from *philos*, loved, he constructed for himself another pseudonym and adopted the poetical name of *Astrophil*, star of love or love star. Feeling, moreover, that the Lady Rich, celebrated in his sonnets, was the bright particular star of his affections, he designated her, in conformity with his own assumed name, *Stella*."

Hence Philip was "love" and Penelope Rich, or "Stella," was the star of his love; and so in the sonnet Sidney could very truthfully say "that every word doth almost tell my name," for "Love" was his assumed name.

The second reason for identifying Sidney as the author of the sonnets is based upon the proper and correct interpretation of the twentieth sonnet, the seventh line of which has been a stumbling-block to all the commentators, — and their name is legion :

5 "A man in hue, all hues in his controlling."

Sir Philip Sidney had two friends, Sir Edward Dyer and Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, and his love for them "was wonderful, passing the love of women." Sidney wrote of them:

"Only for my two loves' sake,
In whose love I pleasure take;
Only two do me delight
With their ever-pleasing sight."

To his two dear friends he left all his books; and Greville, who outlived him forty-two years, caused the title "Friend to Sir Philip Sidney" to be inscribed upon his own tomb.

The twentieth sonnet was addressed to Dyer, who was a good poet, celebrated "for elegy most sweet, solemn and of high conceit." He was the author of that beautiful poem entitled "My mind to me a kingdom is." Dyer, Greville and Sidney were fond of punning or playing upon their own names in their poetry. Dyer wrote a poem which elicited a poetical answer from Sidney and a poetical replication from Greville, and the name "Dyer" in the last stanza of one was changed into "Die ere," while in the last stanza of the replication "Greville" was metamorphosed into "Grief ill."

So in the twentieth Shakespeare sonnet Sidney puns upon the name of Dyer, likening him to a dyer who occupies himself in colors and who, in his business of dyeing, controls and fixes all hues or colors.

In a supposed autograph MS. in the British Museum (15,232), which contains a number of the sonnets of *Astrophel and Stella*, together with other verses, and which came from Wilton (the watermark being ^W_{PS}), there are, among others, the following lines (here put in modern English), which contain a play on Dyer's name:

"Like to the silly swan,
When sing no more she can,
Sets forth her voice,
So I, a simple swain,
Though mortal be my name,
Seem to rejoice."

All this may seem silly and foolish to poets and readers in these utilitarian times, but when we remember that Marlowe's name was changed into Wormal and Lodge into Golde, and that the great Elizabetha was often addressed as Ah-te-basile, we can not find fault with Sidney, who wrote as his heart dictated. The beautiful name "Rosalind," bestowed upon the first sweetheart of his bosom friend Spenser, was a "feigned name (according to E. K.) which,

being well ordered, will betray the very name of his love and mistress."

It was only an anagrammatical reading for Rose Daniel, who was a sister of the poet Samuel Daniel, and who was afterwards married to John Florio.

The twentieth sonnet, therefore, as well as those addressed to a man, preceding and following it, are directed to Dyer.

And here a third good reason for the identification of Sidney as the author of the Shakespeare sonnets can be adduced, namely, the connection and resemblance between the poet's statements and the facts and circumstances.

Sidney in the sonnets advises his friend to marry. He uses such arguments as his own Mentor, Hubert Languet, in his letters, had previously urged upon him. Symonds says that "Languet frequently wrote urging him to marry, and using arguments similar to those which Shakespeare pressed on his fair friend." Dyer was unmarried, and I think never did marry. Sidney was rather fond of giving such advice, as is shown in his poetical dialogue between Geron and Histor in chapter 71 of the *Arcadia*.

That Sidney could actually think or say that he loved a man so fondly as appears in these sonnet, will not appear strange to the reader of the *Arcadia*, for in it he similarly pictures the love of Musidorus and Pyrocles. Disraeli, in his *Amenities of Literature*, says that "their friendship resembles the love which is felt for the beautiful sex, if we were to decide by their impassioned conduct and the tenderness of their language." Coleridge observed that "the language of these two friends in the *Arcadia* is such as we would not now use, except to women."

The sonnets numbered 37, 66, 110 and 125 very fairly describe Sidney. He was poor and proud, and his parents were always distressed by poverty. It is worthy of note that the poet's body was retained fully three months for interment, until Walsingham mustered enough money of his own to pay Sidney's creditors. He bore the canopy as a gentleman-in-waiting, or cupbearer, for the Queen, in the summer of 1578, and he learned enough from personal intercourse with male and female courtiers to utter the mournful cry which is found in sonnet number 66. Sidney's quarrel with Oxford and his bold language to the Queen concerning the worthlessness and meanness of the Duke of Anjou caused his disgrace and retirement from the court.

He could very well say that he was made lame by fortune's deepest spite. He was not suffered to marry Anne Cecil. Penelope Devereux, whom he dearly loved, was given away to a man whom she hated and despised. He was fond of spending money, and withal very liberal and aristocratic, and yet he could not get money; he was greatly in debt; he was in disgrace at court; he was a dependent upon Leicester; he had made himself "a motley to the view."

The 107th sonnet has received all kinds of strained and foolish interpretations. One writer calls Bacon "the mortal moon," and Massey, Minto and Tyler say that the mortal moon referred to in that sonnet denotes Queen Elizabeth; but, viewed in the light which knowledge of the true author of the sonnets sheds around them, it is clear that no man or woman is meant at all, but the great power of Turkey, represented by the crescent moon, which had then been humbled and crippled, and was no longer a disturbing element either to the Protestant or Papal world. Sidney had from his first acquaintance with Languet been so filled by him with news about thrones and dynasties, and governmental complications, that he could not keep Turkey out of his love sonnets; and so in the 30th sonnet of *Astrophel and Stella* he asks the question,

"Whether the Turkish new moon minded be
To fill her horns this year on Christian coast?"

Sonnets numbered 127, 128, 130, 131 and 132 clearly refer to Sidney's mistress, Penelope Rich, and he intimates that Dyer had supplanted him in her affections.

In the 127th sonnet he describes a woman whose "eyes are raven black." So were Stella's eyes. She is nowhere in any of the sonnets described as a black woman, save in her deeds.

I do not understand that Sidney in sonnet 130 admits that his mistress is deficient in any particular of beauty or accomplishment. He had read (or Spenser had read to him) the extravagant description of a woman whose eyes Spenser compared to the sun, her lips to coral, her breasts to snow, her hair to wires, her cheeks to roses, her breath to perfumes, her speech to music and her walk to that of a goddess, and in this sonnet, in a spirit of pleasantry, he ridicules Spenser's bombastic description and at the same time eulogizes his own beloved mistress.

Stella, with her black eyes, lovely face and bewitching form, was very beautiful indeed, but she was a bad woman, and no one can read *Astrophel and Stella* without believing that Stella had been to

Sidney the object of a coarse passion. Her after life and her conduct with Charles Blount testify against her.

A fourth reason for the opinion that Sir Philip Sidney wrote the Shakespeare sonnets is that his name among his associates was "Will" or "Willy." Spenser calls him so in his *Tears of the Muses*. He is there called "Pleasant Willy." That this reference is to Sidney appears now to be conceded. See, in Morley's *English Men of Letters*, the volume on "Spenser" by Dean Church, cited by Morgan in his *Shakespeare Myth*, page 148. Surtees states that in an eclogue on Sidney's death, printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsodies*, in 1602, he is lamented in almost every stanza by the name of Willy.

The note from Richard Grant White's *Memoirs of Shakspeare* is as follows (the italics being mine):

"In Spenser's *Tears of the Muses*, printed in 1591, the following passage:

" 'And he the man, whom Nature's self had made
To mock herself and truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under mimic shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also deaded, and in dolor drent.'

has been held to refer to Shakspeare, chiefly, it would seem, because of the name 'Willy.' But that, like Shepherd, was not uncommonly used merely to name a poet, *and was distinctly applied to Sir Philip Sidney* in an eclogue preserved by Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, published in 1602.

"And the *Tears of the Muses* had certainly been written before 1590, when Shakspeare could not have risen to the position assigned by the first poet of the age to the subject of this passage, and probably in 1580, when Shakspeare was a boy of sixteen at Stratford.

"Indeed, the notion that Spenser had him in mind would not merit even this attention, were it not that my readers might suppose that I had passed it through inadvertence. All that ingenuity and persistent faith can urge in support of it, the reader will find in Mr. Knight's and Mr. Collier's biographies of the poet."

In considering the question of the soundness of the opinion which I have herein set forth, the reader is asked to note three things. One is that I have not touched upon a very important question, namely, the similarity or dissimilarity in style between the Shakespeare sonnets and the acknowledged writings of Sidney. That is reserved for future consideration. A second important matter, which may be hereafter enlarged upon, is that none of

Sidney's works were published until long after his death. His poetry was circulated privately among his friends for several years, precisely as were the "sugared sonnets" which Meres describes. Sidney died on the 17th day of October, 1586, and the *Arcadia* was not published until 1590. His friend Greville, in a letter to Walsingham, preserved in the State Paper Office, throws light on the way that booksellers then got possession of manuscripts:

"Sir, this day one Ponsonby, a bookbinder in Paul's church-yard, came to me and told me that there was one in hand to print Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, asking me if it were done with your honor's consent, or any other of his friends. I told him to my knowledge, no; then he advised me to give warning of it to the Archbishop or Doctor Cosen, who have, as he says, a copy of it to peruse to that end," etc.

When we consider that Sidney did not desire that his poetry should be published, and that after he was mortally wounded at Zutphen he asked that the *Arcadia* might be destroyed, and when we consider further that his poetry circulated for years among his friends and acquaintances with no special curator or preserver of it, we can understand how the booksellers could get a copy of his sonnets for publication in another man's name.

And the third omitted matter is that I have not yet alluded to Mr. W. H., the begetter or procurer of the sonnets for Mr. Thomas Thorpe.

With all his faults—and he had many of them—Sidney was a great and gallant man. Greville says that, as he was leaving the battlefield of Zutphen wounded and thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for some drink, which was brought to him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor wounded soldier carried along, longingly casting up his eyes at the bottle. Sir Philip thereupon took it from his mouth before he drank and delivered it to the poor man, with the words, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." Tristram, in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, beautifully points out the qualities which distinguish him from his contemporaries:

"It was not only that he united in one character the wisdom of a grave councillor and the romantic chivalry of a knight errant; it was not only that his genius and his learning made him the center of the great literary world which was at the moment springing into birth; it was not only that, friend of England's most imaginary poet, he too was gifted with the magic virtue, with the power to see the beauty which the eye cannot see, and to hear that music only heard in silence; these qualities he shared with his contemporaries.

In Raleigh's blood the tide of romance beat as strongly; Essex was as brilliant an ornament to the court, and a more munificent patron of genius; Drake showed as dauntless a courage in the face of his country's foes. But in a spiritual elevation of character which rose far above the standard of the age, and to which none of his contemporaries attained, Sidney stands alone. He was the bright figure of Christian chivalry in times full of grossness. He was the Bayard of an age in which most men knew no fear, but in which he alone among them was without reproach."

JOHN H. STOTSENBURG.

BACON AND SHAKESPEARE ON ASTROLOGY, PREDICTIONS, ETC.

IT is not difficult to discover what either Bacon or Shakespeare's views were in regard to astrology. Their opinions seem to have been identical, and a cursory examination of the subject may not prove unfruitful. It will at least not be uninteresting.

In Bacon's view, "astrology is *in most parts* without foundation even" — "it is so full of superstition, that scarce anything sound can be discovered in it." Notwithstanding, Bacon would rather have it purified than rejected.

He admits astrology as a part of physic (*i.e.*, science), and yet attributes to it nothing more than is allowed by reason and the evidence of things, all fictions and superstitions being set aside. But, as Warburton says: "it was a harder point and required managing." For this impious piggle had, in Shakespeare's and Bacon's time, a kind of religious reverence paid to it.

"In the first place" (Bacon says) "what an idle invention is that, that each of the planets reigns in turn for an hour, so that in the space of twenty-four hours each has three reigns, leaving three hours over! And yet this conceit was the origin of our division of the week. Secondly, I do not hesitate to reject as an idle superstition the doctrine of horoscopes and the distribution of houses, which is the very delight of astrology, and has held a sort of Bacchanalian revelry in the heavenly regions. Thirdly, those fatalities, that the hour of *nativity* or *conception* influences the fortune of the birth, the hour of commencement the fortune of the enterprise, the hour of inquiry the fortune of the thing inquired into, and in short, the doctrines of *nativities*, *elections*, *inquiries*, and the like frivolities, have, in my judgment, *for the most part* nothing sure or solid, and are

plainly refuted and convicted by physical reasons."—*De Augmentis* iii. op. iv. 349.

It will be observed that Bacon uses the words "in most part," and "for the most part," in his rejection of the "frivolities" of astrology. He has defined, *e converso*, what part of astrology he accepted.

"Among the received doctrines, I think that concerning *revolutions*¹ has more soundness than the rest." *Ib.* But, even in this, "let the greater revolutions be retained, but the smaller revolutions of horoscopes and houses² be dismissed. The former are like great guns and can strike from afar; the latter are like little bows, and cannot transmit their force over much space."

Again: "Every operation of heavenly bodies extends rather to masses than to individuals; though it affects indirectly some individuals also; such, namely, as are more susceptible."

"Every operation of the heavenly bodies sheds its influence and power, not on small periods of time or within narrow limits, but upon the large spaces. And therefore predictions of the temperature of the year may possibly be true; but those of particular days are rightly held of no account. The last rule (which has always been held by the wiser astrologers) is that there is no fatal necessity in the stars, but that they rather incline than compel. . . . I hold it for certain that the celestial bodies have in them certain other influences besides heat and light, which very influences, however, act by those rules laid down above, and not otherwise."—*Ib.* p. 351.

From these quotations we learn that Bacon did believe, to some extent, in astrology as a branch of astronomical science.

By the use of proper methods he conceived that it might be foretold that certain consequences would follow a certain conjunction of the celestial bodies, consequences, for example, affecting the temperature of the year, as well as affecting certain individuals;

¹ "Revolutions" (Lat. *Revolutio*.) Act of revolving, or turning round on an axis or center; rotation—the period made by the regular recurrence of a measure of time, or by a succession of similar events.—*People's Dictionary*.

Anthony and Cleopatra, i. 2:

"The present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself."

The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course; which, rising in the *east* and by *revolution lowering*, or setting in the *west*, becomes the *opposite of itself*.—Warburton.

Shakespeare and Bacon use the word in the same sense, that it is to say, its technical scientific sense.

² House (Astrol.)—A twelfth part of the heavens.

such, namely, as are more susceptible than others to certain influences, either good or evil. But he did not believe in the superstitions of astrology, as, that each of the planets reigns for an hour, etc. And he rejected as an idle superstition the doctrine of horoscopes and the distribution of houses. He regarded as a frivolity the doctrine of those fatalities, that the hour of nativity or conception influences the fortune of the birth, etc.

Shakespeare had, apparently, studied astrology to a similar purpose.

Pedro says to Beatrice :

“ You were born in a merry hour.

“ *Beatrice.* No ; sure, my lord, my mother cried but there was a star danced, and under that was I born.”

Meaning that there was “ little of the melancholy element in her.”

But the expression is used jestingly, and as a “ frivolity.” In the same way Benedick says to Margaret : “ No, I was not born under a rhyming planet,” — that is to say, one of the “ planets” which “ reigns in turn for an hour.” And when Thersites speaks of Diomed’s faithlessness, and says, “ But when he performs astronomers foretell it, it is prodigious ;¹ there will come some change ; the sun borrows from the moon when Diomed keeps his word,” — he obviously indicates his disbelief in the possibility of such a thing happening to foretell it, — as impossible as for the sun to borrow from the moon.

Bacon’s position toward astrology seems to be fairly summarized in sonnet xiv :

“ Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck ;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,²
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, of season’s quality ;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well.
By oft predict that I in heaven find.”

As Bacon pointed out, such predictions, on a large scale, might be possible ; but the science of the thing was among the *desiderata*

¹ Prodigious, i.e., portentous, ominous ; so in *King Richard III.* :

“ Prodigious and untimely brought to light.”

² For long ages astronomy and astrology were identified.—*Enc. Brit.* — *Stevens.*

pointed out by him. We find in *Cymbeline* a similar hint in the speech of Imogen referring to the handwriting of Leonatus :

“Oh, learn’d indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters:
He’d lay the future open.”

“Learn’d indeed !” Impossible to be so learn’d ! A writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says :

“Francis Bacon abuses the astrologers of his day no less than the alchemists, but he does so because he has visions of a reformed astrology and a reformed alchemy.”

Shakespeare in like manner, in the play of *Lear*, “severely ridiculed the dotages of judicial astrology.” (Warburton.) See act i. 2. The following quotations must suffice :

“*Gloster*. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us ; though the wisdom of nature¹ can reason it thus and thus, yet nature find itself scourged by the frequent : love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide : in cities, mutinies ; in countries, discord ; in palaces, treason ; and the bond cracked between son and father,” etc.

“*Edm*. This is the excellent foppery of the world ! that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behavior), we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars : as if we were villains by necessity ; fools by heavenly compulsion ; knaves, thieves and treachers by spherical predominance ; drunkards, liars and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence ; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on : An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star ! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon’s tail ; and my nativity was under *Ursa Major* ; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Tut, I should have been that I am had the maidenest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.”

The judicious reader will observe that Shakespeare refers — to use Bacon’s words — to both “those fatalities, that the hour of *nativity* or *conception* influences the fortune of the birth” — “My father compounded,” etc., *i. e.*, the “conception.”

Also 3 *Henry VI.* iv. 6 (33) :

“*Clarence*. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy *nativity*
Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown
As likely to be blest in peace and war.”

¹ That is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences.—*Johnson*.

At the same time Shakespeare, like Bacon, believed that the "celestial bodies" had in them certain other influences besides heat and light. Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"But when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents! what meeting!
What raging of the sea! shaking of the earth!
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors!
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture."

In *Julius Cæsar*, Calphurnia says:

"The noise of battle hurtled in the air.
When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

Which is equivalent to Bacon's opinion that notice should be taken only of natural phenomena, in predictions founded on astrology, on a broad basis both as to time and masses. Princes stand in the same relation to beggars as days to years.

The expression employed is merely a poetical license, and does not indicate that Shakespeare actually believed that the heavens *do* blaze forth the death of princes. But certainly he held that no comets are seen when beggars die, and, therefore, the use of horoscopes and houses — *i. e.*, the vulgar use — was frivolous and injurious, "the excellent foppery of the word."

I may appropriately continue and conclude this toy by a brief reference to the correspondences between Bacon's judgment concerning the value of intimations of coming events by means of *dreams*.

We know from what Bacon himself stated to Faunt, about the 17th February, 1578-9, that he dreamt that his father's house in the country was plastered over with black mortar. And very shortly afterwards he received tidings of his father's death. The circumstance impressed itself on his mind, and probably set him to speculating on the subject of dreams. He has related also, quite gravely, at the end of his matchless *History of Henry VII.*, that that King's worth may bear a tale or two that may put upon him somewhat that may seem divine. When the Lady Margaret, his mother, had divers great suitors for marriage, she dreamed one night that one in the likeness of a bishop, in pontifical habit, did tender her Edmund, Earl of Richmond (the King's father), for her husband.

Neither had she any child but the King, though she had three husbands.

In the second part of *Henry VI.* (i. 17), we have a distinct reference to this circumstance :

"*King.* Welcome, Queen Margaret;
I can express no kinder sign of love than this kind kiss.

Queen. Great King of England and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking *and in my dreams*,
In courtly company or at my beads,
With you my alder-lieftest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords
And overjoy of heart doth minister."

It is a curious coincidence that both Bacon and Shakespeare refer thus pointedly to the Lady Margaret's dream as influencing her choice of King Henry VI. for a husband.

Bacon proceeds to say of Henry VII. : " One day when King Henry VI. (whose innocency gave him holiness) was washing his hands at a great feast, and cast his eye upon King Henry, then a young youth, he said : ' This is the lad that shall possess quietly that that we now strive for.' " And elsewhere he varies the story as follows : " Henry the Sixth of England said of Henry the Seventh, when he was a lad, and gave him water, '*This is the lad that shall enjoy the crown for which we strive.*' "

Shakespeare refers to the same incident in the " third part of *Henry VI.*," iv. 6 (65) :

"*K. Hen.* My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
Somerset. My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope.

[*Lays his hand on his head.*]

If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a scepter, and himself
Likely to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me."

Bacon, speaking of "prophecies that have been of certain memory, and from hidden causes," relates the circumstance that a phantasm appeared to M. Brutus in his tent, and said to him, "*Philippis iterum me videbis.*" (Thou shalt see me again at Philippi.)

So likewise Shakespeare represents Brutus preparing to sleep in his tent—iv. 3 (275):

"*Enter the ghost of Cæsar.*

Bru. How well this taper burns!
Ho! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel or some devil
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well, then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

[*Exit Ghost.*]"

Nevertheless, Bacon, although he set down the above instances of dreams which were realized in fact, and a few others besides, "of certain credit," yet considered that they ought all to be despised, and ought to serve but for "winter talk by the fireside."

Shakespeare has introduced, incidentally, many references to presentiments in dreams, just in that light fireside manner.

For example, *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 3 (277):

"*Cinna.* I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth."

Merchant of Venice, ii. 5 (15):

"*Shy.* Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loth to go:
There is some ill a-brewing toward my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night."

Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1 (211):

"*Boy.* I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream."

Here the dream did not signify anything prophetic; but clearly Bottom thought that as a rule dreams might be expounded.

A better instance is the following, which is very much in Bacon's manner (*Winter's Tale*, iii. 3):

"Antigonus. Come, poor babe:
I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another:
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay, thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep and leave it crying. . . .

Dreams are toys:

Yet for this once, yea, *superstitiously*,
I will be squared by this."

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakespeare speaks of "dreams which are the children of an idle brain." And in *Richard III.* v. 3 (212):

"K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?
Rat. No doubt, my lord.
K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear.
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows."

With Shakespeare, as with Bacon, dreams are "toys" and "shadows," "fit to serve but for winter talk by the fireside," in which sense Shakespeare has made abundant use of the machinery of dreams in many of his plays.

One more correspondence and we may close this paper. Mr. Wigston has referred to it in his *Francis Bacon and Phantom Captain Shakespeare*.

Bacon's essay on *Friendship*: "'

"With *Julius Cæsar*, *Decimus Brutus* had obtained that interest as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him, to draw him forth to his death. For when Cæsar would have discharged the

Senate in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of *Calphurnia*, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the Senate till his wife *had dreamt a better dream*."

The whole of this is *exactly reproduced* in the play of *Julius Cæsar*, act ii.:

"*Deci. Brutus.* Cæsar, all hail good morrow, worthy Cæsar, I come to fetch you to the senate house.

Cæsar. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.

Deci. Bru. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at, when I tell them so.

Cæsar. The cause is in my will: I will not come.
That is enough to satisfy the senate,
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know,
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it;
And these does she apply for warnings and portents
And evils imminent."

To all this, D. Brutus replies:

"When *Cæsar's* wife shall meet with *better dreams*,
If *Cæsar* hid himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo! *Cæsar* is afraid?"

When Bacon says that, in his judgment, the presages of dreams and predictions of astrology ought all to be despised, he explains that he means that, though in themselves superstitious and frivolous, yet they worked much mischief and on that account deserved more serious attention. Three things mostly served to give them grace and some credit. First: men mark when they hit, and never mark when they miss. Second: probable conjectures, or obscure traditions, many times turn themselves into prophecies. Third, and last (which is the great one): almost all of them, being infinite in number, have been impostures, and by idle and crafty brains contrived and feigned after the event passed.

Shakespeare, speaking through the mouthpiece of Cicero, in *Julius Cæsar*, says:

"Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things, after their fashion,
Clean from the things themselves."

Meaning that men may expound, or pretend to expound, the meaning of things — portents and dreams, for instance — clean from the purpose of the things themselves. But should they hit, they mark it for a prophecy or presage; should they miss, they never mark, "as they do generally also of dreams."

HARRY S. CALDECOTT.

HAS MR. DONNELLY FOUND AND READ THE CIPHER?

ABOUT the year 1850, I read in a newspaper a resumé of a work written by a German who argued that William Shakespeare did not write the "Shakespeare plays," and that they might have been written by Bacon.

The theory was "bold even to temerity," and it remained in my memory both a burden and a hope; a burden, because all men scoffed me when I spoke of it; a hope, because such theories do not soon die, and I looked for proof that it was true.

Books have not been easily within my reach. Costly and rare books have been impossible to me. I had to content myself with fugitive glances at the books of others for information that the contention was strong and waxing hotter, year by year, until Mr. Donnelly startled the world with his announcement that he had found and read a cipher in the plays which proved indubitably that Shakspeare was a fraud, and that Bacon was the author of the world's greatest dramas.

I got the book — *The Great Cryptogram* — and read it. The amazing amount of labor, the learning, wit, earnestness, courage, combative skill, ingenuity and energy displayed in the book took me captive. I was a willing convert to the whole theory and its demonstration on a first reading. But there is "reading and reading," and I have read again. Having read again and again, I have become restless in my captivity, and I am about to escape from Mr. Donnelly.

Observe that I do not yet deny the existence of a cipher in the plays. The theory is a strange and charming one, and I am loth to abandon it. I ask only, Has Mr. Donnelly *found* and read the cipher?

Mr. W. F. C. Wigston contends with much reason that Gilbert Wats' translation is not a translation, but is the genuine original

English of the *Advancement* as written by Bacon. Of ciphers it says — and I quote *verb. et lit. et punc.*:

“But the virtues of them whereby they are to be preferred are three: *That they be ready, and not laborious to write; That they be sure, and lie not open to Deciphering: And lastly, if it be possible, that they may be managed without suspition.*”

This translation of this passage is more literal than that of Spedding or Devey or Shaw. Mr. Devey translates “*Ut sint expeditæ, non nimis operosæ ad scribendum,*” into, “that they be easy to write and read.”

I am weary of asking myself, why does not Mr. Donnelly’s cipher possess *all* the virtues whereby my Lord Bacon’s ciphers “are to be preferred”? and receiving for answer, “Why?”

Mr. Donnelly’s cipher *is* sure, it does *not* lie open to deciphering, and it *was* managed, if at all, *without suspicion*, but it does not possess in any degree the *first* virtue “whereby” it should “be preferred.” I can imagine but one more tedious and laborious enterprise than that of *reading* his cipher, and that would be the *writing* of it. It is *not* “easy” or “ready” to read, and it would be stupidously laborious and difficult, if not impossible, to write it.

It is not profitable to question the correctness of Mr. Donnelly’s demonstration that the words of his cipher stories are to be found by his counts from his starting-points with the aid of his multifarious modifications, nor is it necessary to inquire whether, with other numbers, points and modifications, other stories might or might not be found. That no readable cipher could be written without rules to guide the writer, and that no cipher could be read without a discovery and demonstration of the rules governing its construction, are axiomatic propositions.

Mr. Donnelly does not disclose his rules. His reason is that he may thereby cast to other hands the profits of his great labor. The reason is potent, but (if he means money profit) shall glory go for naught? The inducement to secrecy is cogent, but shall it smother the suspicion that he has no rules to disclose?

Mr. Donnelly believes (I doubt him not) that he has demonstrated and can show to the world that, in the cipher story, Bacon declares that he is the writer of all the plays, but he does not publish this most interesting and curious part of his demonstration. Why? Could not that have been done without disclosing the rules?

When Mr. Donnelly declared to the world that he had discovered a cipher in the plays which conclusively proved that Bacon was the

writer of the plays and the cipher, what had the world the right to expect — nay, demand of him? That he should prove to the exclusion of a reasonable doubt that there *is* a cipher written in the plays; that he has found and read it; that Bacon wrote or caused it to be done; and that it tells the story he has advertised. Has he so proved either of these facts? He has the admissions of certain learned mathematicians and cryptologists that he has convinced *them* that there is a cipher in the plays, and that he has found and read it. Neither he nor his indorsers give the world the key, and the world, unable to read for itself, declares it has a reasonable doubt. How can that doubt be removed? Give us the key so plainly, clearly disclosed that our school-boys may read with it, and that doubt will vanish.

He has not attempted to prove that Bacon wrote or caused the writing of a cipher in the plays, except by citing the fact that Bacon had knowledge of ciphers and constructed some. The world might believe beyond doubt there is a cipher and that Mr. Donnelly reads it correctly, and yet have a reasonable doubt that Bacon was the author. More proof is required. To exclude the doubt he must show such a connection between the cipher in the plays and some acknowledged work of Bacon as makes it impossible to read the cipher without the other work, or, better and more convincing, he must show that the cipher itself discloses a place of deposit of the key to it, which place was under the control of Bacon, *and he must find that key*, bearing Bacon's undoubted autograph, and no less evidence than one or the other of these things will satisfy that world he has undertaken to convince. It is not an unreasonable demand.

The world knows as well as Mr. Donnelly — which is well indeed — that my Lord Bacon was a good lawyer who knew the value and weight of evidence, and it has a right to believe that he has not “fubbed off” such a matter with remote inferences only for evidence, when he could have preserved incontrovertible proof. He knew how and he knew why to place the evidence beyond doubt. If Bacon wrote the plays with a cipher in them, it is incredible that he has not preserved better proof of the fact than has yet been presented by any person.

Mr. Donnelly has not attempted to show that the cipher tells the story that Bacon wrote the plays. He does read that Bacon was suspected by Cecil to be the writer and was alarmed about it, but he finds no admission of guilt. He only suggests a doubt of Bacon's innocence. Much more is required.

If Mr. Donnelly has not succeeded, it does not follow that success is impossible. That only which excludes hope is the non-existence of a cipher. No man is better fitted for success than Mr. Donnelly, unless he is so wedded to his present theory that he can entertain no other. He owes to himself either to so publish and elucidate his *rules* that they may be "understood of the people," or to abandon his position and take new ground, or retire from the field.

If the cipher exists it can be read. If it can be read it will disclose its purpose, and, doubtless, its author. If the author was Bacon it will declare where the incontestible proof thereof is to be found. If it makes such a declaration, it may be it will say that the proofs rest with the bones of Bacon or Shakspeare, or both. No other depository would be so safe, or would so certainly verify its contents.

If the proof came from such source it must be brought by the hand of the government, and no "Thomas" could be found who would dare to doubt. Bacon knew this as well as any lawyer of this day knows it, and he also knew that if his secret history ever came to light it must be verified beyond all doubt or it must perish as a fiction and a fraud.

There are places in the plays to look into and there are modes of inquiry which, I believe, are yet untried or not fully examined. I predict that if the cipher is found and read the work will be so simple that children in primary schools may compete for prizes given for quantity.

WARREN MONTFORT.

IN AN OLD COPY OF BACON.

Much have I looked upon that royal age
 In which my Shakspeare wrought such threads of gold,
 And vainly striven in his thoughts to hold
 The wonder of my boundless, heritage;
 But now the while I scan each yellow page
 Of this old book, the years are backward rolled,
 And with new visions suddenly grown bold,
 Its vast expanse more nearly I may gauge.

For here, unfettered by the links of rhyme,
 I catch the measure of that other heart
 Which shaped the course of its transcendent art,
 And come to know in his majestic prime
 The Lord High Keeper of the splendid time—
 The mighty poet's mighty counterpart.

FLORENCE L. SNOW.

A SUGGESTIVE CRITICISM.

ONE of the most common mistakes of commentators upon Shakespeare or Bacon, it appears to me, is the belief that the Shakespeare plays were the result of superhuman labor. Because they are difficult to understand now, and because it would be impossible to write them now, Shakespeare-worshipers are too apt to speak of *Hamlet* and *The Tempest* in superlatives.

As a matter of fact I suppose they wrote plays in those days with about the same amount of labor and thought which Björnson, Ibsen or Sudermann or any other first-class modern puts into writing his dramatic studies of the present. They wrote easily — these Shakespearean dramatists — easily and rapidly, for their material was native to them. It is the lapse of centuries, the utter change of social conditions and social theories, which makes their work seem difficult, titanic, superhuman.

Kjelland, Tolstoi, Turgenieff or Howells, a century or two from now, will not be such plain sailing to the reader. Where we now see limpid flow of language and easily apprehended comment upon life, the reader of the future will be puzzled by a thousand subtle allusions, by strange views or conditions of life, by bewildering references to curious and otherwise unrecorded national or social phenomena.

Criticism is beginning to take the basis of literature into account. It is becoming comparative, more sociologic and less personal, and, as a result, is coming to see that each age writes of itself and for itself. It begins to question the writing which is "for all time" and to apply to literature the same broad principles of evolution which admittedly govern more material phenomena.

The reader who takes the comparative view of literature not only understands the immense labor involved in really understanding the past, but realizes perfectly well that no man writes "for all time" in the sense in which the critics of the "personal" school use that phrase. He doubts whether the great democracy will ever become very greatly interested in whether Homer was a myth or whether Bacon wrote Shakespeare.

The things which arouse the bewildered admiration on the part of the medievalist for the "superhuman genius" of Shakespeare or Bacon or Marlowe are precisely the things which bar out the common man from any active interest in the work they did. By the

time the common man has been lifted to the proper plane of scholarship to enjoy Shakespeare, he is very likely to find some modern author nearer to him, more vital and more enjoyable. Nothing endures. All is ebb and flow.

The Baconians, in my judgment, have made the mistake hitherto of trying to prove too much. The attempt to prove that any one man wrote the volume we call "Shakespeare" must always fail. It repels the student at the outset.

It seems to me a mistake also to study Shakespeare apart from his contemporaries, for in that way the scholar gets the impression that Shakespeare's style was entirely unique, which is not quite true. It requires more penetration than I have been able to acquire to draw a broad line between early writings of Shakespeare and certain other plays admitted to be written by Marlowe and others of his decade.

In all ages of literature a few strong men find followers, not imitators exactly, but men who see life substantially from the same point of view and voice their thought in substantially the same diction. Around Shakespeare, as Taine has said, were grouped Webster, Marlowe, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher and others whose work, broadly speaking, was in the same key. These men must be taken into account before arriving at a definite conclusion upon any Baconian or Shakespearean controversy.

My own position, so far as I have interest to enter into the question, is this: The volume we call Shakespeare is, in my judgment, made up of the writings of at least three and possibly four men. Beyond the association of the name Shakespeare with this volume I have no proof that Shakspere wrote any part of the plays. Whether Bacon had a hand in the writing I am not prepared to say, but there are certain obvious parallelisms and allusions which seem pretty fair proof that he was a direct inspiration at least of some of these plays.

My own feeling is that the volume we call Shakespeare is really a collection of the most powerful and appealing plays of that day. This opinion I would not fight for, because I do not consider the question at issue near enough or vital enough for warfare, and because I have grave doubts of its final settlement. We have the plays; that is the important thing; they are in a handy volume, and I shall read them with almost the same pleasure I would feel if I knew the author for a certainty.

At the same time, I have nothing but admiration and respect for the patient scholarship of the Baconians and the students of the Rosicrucians. Shakspearean partisans cannot afford to fall upon such students with hard epithets, for, aside from the long unquestioned association of Shakespeare's name with the volume in question, the Baconians have the best of the argument. They have shouldered the burden of proof manfully.

An unprejudiced mind is forced to the conclusion, after a reading of the results of Mrs. Pott's immensely patient study of the original documents in the case, that the whole dramatic literature of the Elizabethan day was a mass of confusion well-nigh impossible to reduce to order.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

BACON'S SARTOR RESARTUS.

ONE of Bacon's favorite maxims is that behavior is rather external to the mind than a part of its essence. It may be assumed, imitated, *worn as a garment*, put on or put off, or altered, or varied, according as mood or circumstances or motives may suggest.

In January, 1595-6, Bacon wrote three letters of advice to the Earl of Rutland, to prepare him for foreign travel. It is worth noting, as bearing on Bacon's habit of writing under other names than his own, that these letters, of which the authorship is undoubted (they are in fact among Bacon's most characteristic compositions), were used by Essex as his own, and sent to Rutland as if written by him. They were published (in 1852) in Devereux's *Memoirs of the Earls of Essex*. The editor had no suspicion that they proceeded from any other pen than that of Essex, and he finds in them very good reason for crediting Essex with great intellectual ability. Spedding, however, had no difficulty in assigning them to their true origin, and no one familiar with Bacon's writings can feel the least hesitation in assenting to Mr. Spedding's judgment. In the first of these letters we have the following:

"Behavior is but a garment, and it is easy to make a comely garment for a body that is itself well-proportioned. Whereas a deformed body can never be so helped by tailor's art but the counterfeit will appear. And in the power of the mind it is a true rule that a man may mend his faults with as little labor as cover them."
—*Life*, ii. 8.

This sentiment is more clearly and amply expressed in the *Advancement of Learning*, ii. 13; in the *De Augmentis*, viii. 1; and in the essay of *Ceremonies and Respects*. Thus:

"This behavior is as the garment of the mind and ought to have the conditions of a garment. For, first, it ought to be made in fashion; second, it should not be too curious or costly; thirdly, it ought to be so framed as to best set forth any virtue of the mind, and supply and hide any deficiency; lastly, and above all, it ought not to be too straight, so as to confine the mind and interfere with its freedom in business and action."—*De Aug.* viii. 1.

"Behavior seemeth to me as a garment of the mind, and to have the conditions of a garment. For it ought to be made in fashion; it ought not to be too curious; it ought to be shaped so as to set forth any good making of the mind, and hide any deformity; and above all it ought not to be too straight or restrained for exercise or motion."

"Men's behavior should be like the apparel; not too straight or *point device*, but free for exercise or motion."

Also there is a rough *Promus* note (1439), "The ayre of his behaviour: fashions." The general principle, so compactly expressed in Bacon's prose, is the seed that blossoms and bears fruit abundantly in the poetry. It is emphatically the aphorism of dramatic art, and we shall find numerous allusions to it and illustrations of it in the plays and poems.

First of all it is to be noted that the language of the wardrobe is applied to behavior or deportment in the same way by Bacon and Shakespeare. The quality indicated by *point-device* is referred to in *As You Like It*, iii. 2 (401), in a way that has a double application, both to dress and to conduct:

"You are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other."

Lee also *Love's Labors Lost*, v. 1 (21), where the same expression is used without any double reference to dress, but only to behavior. *Point-device* evidently means spruce, dandified, exquisite.

Bacon's idea is, however, expressed in the most direct and unmistakable way by Portia, who makes a sort of inventory of the garments of one of her suitors, and behavior is included in the sartorial list:

"How oddly he's suited [*i. e.*, clothed]. I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior everywhere."—*Merchant of Venice*, i. 2 (79).

Looking a little more carefully, we may find a good many varieties of this costume which are put on or off at the pleasure of the wearer.

1. *Madness or Folly*. Hamlet, intending to feign madness, thus announces his intention, and begs his friends to ignore it :

“How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on.” — *Hamlet*, i. 5 (170).

The dress of assumed madness is similarly used by Brutus, the friend of Lucretius :

“He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly, jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.
But now he throws that shallow habit by
Wherein deep policy did him disguise.” — *Lucrece* (1811).

The banished Duke says of Touchstone :

“He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.” — *As You Like It*, v. 4 (111).

The stalking-horse was, of course, a mask, or disguise — a garment worn by the fowler, under cover of which he could approach his game and shoot at an advantage.

2. *State and Pride* is the garment which Brutus substitutes for his folly.

“Brutus, who plucked the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.” — *Lucrece*, 1806.

3. *Sobriety, or Sadness, or Gravity* is the garment which Gratiano promises Bassanio that he will wear when he visits Portia :

“Signior Bassanio, hear me :
If I do not put on a *sober habit*,
Like one well studied in a *sad ostent*
To please his grandam, never trust me more.”
— *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 2 (198).

Sober habit and *sad ostent* evidently refer to the same article in the wardrobe of conduct ; the garment metaphor rules the whole passage.

4. *Mirth* is the garment which Gratiano puts on for a time instead of sobriety, the wearing of which he postpones, for Bassiano bids him for a time

“Put on your boldest suit of mirth.”—*Ib.* 210.

5. *Humility* is another garment, which Coriolanus tried to put on, but could not wear. Brutus, one of the tribunes of the people, thus describes the attempt:

“I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility.”

—*Coriolanus*, ii. 1 (247).

So—

“With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds.”—*Ib.* ii. 2 (161).

Doubtless the garment which Coriolanus wore was a gown of humility, such as suitors for civic honors wore; but he really wore a garment of pride and arrogance. Henry IV. was more politic:

“I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts.”

—*Henry IV.* iii. 2 (50).

6. *Virtue* may be worn by vice as a garment. The counsel which Luciana gives to Antipholus of Syracuse—thinking she is addressing Antipholus of Ephesus—is full of imagery derived from this clothes philosophy:

“Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;

Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;

Though others have the arm, shew us the sleeve.”

—*Comedy of Errors*, iii. 2 (1-28).

Hamlet preaches the same philosophy to his mother:

“Assume [put on] a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,—
Of habits devil,—yet angel is in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on.”—*Hamlet*, iii. 4 (160).

So Imogen, smarting under her husband's false accusation, thinks that suspicion may not taint the holiest.

"All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy, nor born where 't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies."—*Cymbeline* iii. 4 (56).

And *Abhorson's* "Mystery" expresses itself in the Delphic utterance:

"Every true man's apparel fits your thief.
—*Measure for Measure*, iv. 2 (50).

"Which thing is an allegory," and its solution is to be found in Bacon's philosophy of behavior.

7. *Content* can also be worn as a garment by the discontented. Cassio, if restoration is impossible, resolves to submit to his fate:

"So shall I clothe myself in a forced content."—*Oth.* iii. 4 (120.)

8. *Sanctity* is a robe which vileness may put on.

"Oh! 'tis in the cunning livery of hell
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards."—*Measure for Measure*, iii. 1 (94).

"Shew me the counterfeit matron,—
It is her habit only that is honest;
Herself's a bawd."—*Timon of Athens*, iv. 3 (112).

9. *Love* has a large wardrobe of different garments; it is —

"Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms, . . .
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us," etc.—*L. L. L.* v. 2 (772).

10. *Strangeness*, or behaving like a stranger, instead of a friend, is the garment which Achilles wore, and of which Agamemnon makes bitter complaint:

"Worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on."
—*Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3 (134).

And this brings before us another Baconian metaphor, full of deep Platonic philosophy. As a garment may be imitated, so that the wearer, when he looks in *the glass*, sees the same costume which he has observed elsewhere, so, *per contra*, the man who wears a fantastic garment may be taught how fantastic it is by seeing it, as in a glass, when it is worn by another.

"Pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride."—*Ib.* iii. 3 (47).

And the subtle advice of "sly Ulysses" is that by this glass Achilles should be rebuked for his strangeness:

"Please it our general to pass strangely by him
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him."

—*Ib.* iii. 3 (39).

And the compliance with this suggestion is thus conveyed:

"We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along."—*Ib.* 50.

The figure of a glass or mirror before which any one who is adjusting his costume stands, and the figure of putting on a certain garment of behavior, come naturally into combination. Conduct is, so our philosophic poet says, regulated very often by imitation, and the model for imitation is the glass before which the copyist dresses himself.

Thus Hamlet is spoken of as:

"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers."—*Hamlet*, iii. 1 (161).

Posthumus Leonatus is described as:

"A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
A glass that feated them."—*Cymbeline*, i. 1 (48).

Feated being equivalent to "formed, fashioned, moulded." (Dyce.) Lady Percy speaks in the same way of her deceased lord the brave Hotspur, and gives a sort of inventory of the garments of behavior which he wore and which others put on by imitation, dressing themselves in his glass:

"He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
He had no legs that practiced not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;

So that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affection of delight,
In military rules, humors of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others."—*2 Henry IV.* ii. 3 (21).

The philosophic maxim on which all this poetry is based is given in dry, scientific statement, without dramatic illustration, in Bacon's prose:

"The mind of a wise man is . . . a glass which represents the forms and images of things. . . . And this comparison of the mind of a wise man to the glass is the more proper, because in a glass he can see his own image, together with the images of others, which the eye itself, without a glass, cannot do."—*Op.* v. 55.

"It is the best wisdom in any man, in his own matters, to rest in the wisdom of a friend; for who can, by often looking in the glass, discern and judge so well of his own favor, as another with whom he converseth?"—*Life*, i. 235.

"The second way to attain experience in forms and behavior is by imitation. And to that end good choice is to be made of those with whom you converse; therefore your lordship should affect their company whom you find to be worthiest, and not partially think them most worthy whom you affect. . . . When you see infinite variety of behavior and manners of men, you may choose and imitate the best."—*Letter to Rutland, Life*, ii. 8, 10.

These maxims have evidently prompted such poetic discourse as the following:

"Well, Brutus, thou art noble: yet I see
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed. Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep even with their likes:
For who so wise that cannot be seduced?"

—*Julius Cæsar*, i. 2 (311).

"It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore, let men take heed of their company."—*2 Henry IV.* v. 1 (last speech but two).

The same grouping of ideas and metaphors and the same Baconian philosophy are found in the following:

"Let not the world see fear and sad mistrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror. So shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behavior from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution."—*John*, v. 1 (46).

Many other instances may be found in which behavior and dress are referred to as essential correspondents, to be discussed by use of identical phraseology. It colors the poet's language even where the philosophic axiom is kept in the background. Thus Queen Katherine says to the two Cardinals who are plotting for her divorce:

"If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits," etc.
—*Henry VIII.* iii. 1 (116).

Malvolio is encouraged to present himself before his lady with "a sad [grave] face, a reverent carriage, a slow tongue, in the *habit* of some sir of note."—*Twelfth Night*, iii. 4 (80).

The twin brother and sister in the same play have "one face, one voice, one habit and two persons."—*Ib.* v. 1 (223). Here the ambiguous word *habit* may refer to either dress or behavior, and doubtless is intended to include both.

And I may without further comment quote :

"If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well."—*Timon*, iv. 3 (238).

"Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit of the inward man."—*Pericles*, ii. 2 (56).

"And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth."

—*John*, i. 1 (210).

"This man, so complete,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell."—*Henry VIII.* i. 2 (122).

"O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools."—*Measure for Measure*, iv. 1 (12).

"And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come appareled in more precious habit,
More moving delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed."

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, iv. 1 (226).

Bacon's conception of behavior as a garment, a loose-fitting, changeable vestment, must be kept in mind if we would understand Shakespeare's representation of Prince Hal, the wild youth who becomes the wise monarch Henry V. The psychological enigma involved in his sudden change has been a stumbling-block to many readers and to most critics. The solution is evidently to be found in this clothes philosophy. So the prince himself explains:

"Herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world ;
But when this loose behavior I throw off,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes."

—*Henry IV.* i. 2 (221).

These words plainly show that in his wild days he was wearing a disguise — a strange dress, which he could put aside as soon as it had served (or *suit*ed) his purpose. Even “*the base contagious clouds*” carry out the same idea, — they are worn by the sun for a time like a mask, to hide his real features.

This principle may explain some very enigmatic passages in which man is referred to as created by his tailor. The germ of this fancy is to be found in the sentence already quoted from Bacon’s letter to Rutland :

“A deformed body can never be so helped by tailor’s art but the counterfeit will appear.”—*Life*, ii. 8.

The reference to tailor’s art, as fashioning the man himself, is always employed with some degree of contempt. The following is a typical specimen :

“*Kent*. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

“*Cornwall*. Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

“*Kent*. Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though he had been but two hours at the trade.”—*Lear*, ii. 2 (59).

A similar use of the same figure is found in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 4 (72); *All’s Well*, ii. 5 (18); *Cymbeline*, iv. 2 (80).

As the fashion of behavior can be changed at pleasure, so, Bacon teaches us, can the expression of the face, which is the most significant element in behavior. Facial expression can thus be put on or off like a garment. As to the “government of the face,” as Bacon terms it, he says :

“For look what an effect is produced by the countenance, and the carriage of it. Well says the poet :

‘Nec vultu destrue verba tua’

[Do not contradict your words by your looks.]

“For a man may destroy and betray the face of his words by his countenance. . . . So we see Atticus, before the first interview between Cæsar and Cicero, the war still depending, carefully and seriously advised Cicero touching the composing and ordering of his countenance and gesture.”—*De Augmentis*, viii. 1.

The Latin motto here quoted is twice entered into the *Promus* notes (Nos. 985 and 1026). And a similar proverb is quoted, No. 51 : *Vultu læditur sæpe pietas*; showing how strong a hold this sentiment had on Bacon’s mind. The following passage is suggested by the same love of thought, and may be taken as another echo of the

Nec vultu destrue verba tua. And the idea of a garment is still retained :

“ Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
 Let not our looks *put on* our purposes,
 But bear it, as our Roman actors do,
 With untired spirits and formal constancy.”
 — *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1 (224).

Lady Macbeth gives the same counsel to her husband :

“ Gentle my lord, sleek o’er your rugged looks ;
 Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.
Macb. So shall I, love, and so I pray be you.
 Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ;
 Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue :
 Unsafe the while, that we
 Must lave our honors in these flattering streams,
 And make our faces vizards of our hearts,
 Disguising what they are.” — *Macbeth*, iii. 2 (27).

“ False face must hide what the false heart doth know.”
 — *Ib.* i. 7 (82).

The Clarendon editor illustrates the above use of the word *apply* by the following very apt quotation from Bacon’s *Essay of Ceremonies*, which is another variation of the sentiment of Shakespeare’s text :

“ To apply one’s self to others is good, so it be with demonstration, that a man doeth it with regard and not upon facility.”

Here also we may refer to the King’s advice to Laertes, when he is planning Hamlet’s assassination :

“ Weigh what convenience both of time and means
 May fit us to our shape : — if this should fail,
 And that *our drift look through our bad performance*,
 ’Twere better not essay’d : therefore this project
 Should have a back, or second, that might hold
 If this should blast in proof.” — *Hamlet*, iv. 7 (150.)

Colonel Moore (*Bacon Journal*, vol. i. p. 192) has already called attention to the remarkable correspondence between this advice and Bacon’s :

“ For in every particular action a man ought so to direct and prepare his mind, and should have one intention so underlying and subordinate to another, that if he cannot obtain his wishes in the best degree, he may yet be satisfied, if he succeeds in a second or even a third.” — *De Augmentis*, viii. 2, op. v. 74.

In all these cases, and countless others, we may find a philosophic, scientific and prosaic statement of the principles which are illustrated by living examples in the Shakespearean drama. Thus, comparing the art of Shakespeare with the theoretic maxims of Bacon, we find that—

“The art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric.”

— *Henry V.* i. 1 (51).

Shakespeare's art is — as a mystic philosopher would aptly say — the continent and ultimate of Bacon's philosophy: here is a perfect continuity and correspondence between the two. As the natural world is created by influx from the spiritual, and is its counterpart and representative, so is the poetry of Shakespeare poured forth by influx from the creative thought of Bacon's philosophy, and gives to it a concrete presentation and a living, organized counterpart.

R. M. THEOBALD.

ANTHONY BACON'S CORRESPONDENCE.

MY attention has been drawn to the fact that readers of my book, *Francis Bacon and his Secret Society*, are left with the impression that, although assured of the importance of the collection of letters to Anthony Bacon which are preserved in the library at Lambeth Palace, I have not examined them or attempted to do so. Permit me to say that this is a mistake, and I trust that if I am able to continue writing for your journal I may win the confidence of your readers to believe that I give no positive opinions upon matters which I have not made it my special business to examine and understand. But with regard to these letters (which, may I repeat, are *to* and not from Anthony Bacon), the labor of deciphering them is considerable. What with faded ink, old English writing and spelling (and some of almost miraculous badness), what with the mixture of languages, the large element of cipher writing, with whole sheets of figures or of words interspersed with figures, many of these letters are exceedingly difficult to make out, and, although I have spent many days over them, with increasing interest, and sometimes with the help of an amanuensis, yet illness overtook me and stopped my work before I had made much impression upon those sixteen folio volumes. Health permitting, I hope to recommence the examination in the autumn; but meanwhile I

am persuaded that this is not a work to be accomplished by any one individual, however persevering and enthusiastic; rather it is a matter worthy of a congregation of experts, or for the Government Historical Commission. But further, it is difficult to believe that many or most of these letters have not been deciphered, and if so it seems now I have to do the work over again. It is plain that their existence was known to Bacon's greatest biographer, James Spedding, and to Hepworth Dixon, for these authors allude to them and must have seen them. Why, then, did they not plainly tell us of the great importance and significance of the collection *as a whole*?

The only answer which I am as yet able to offer is the same that I have given elsewhere in solution of other difficulties, which are perpetually stumbled upon in the study of Francis Bacon's life and aims. These letters show Francis Bacon in a totally new and hitherto unacknowledged character, as the secret motive power of a "Universal Reformation of the Whole Wide World." I must not stop to repeat, or to add fresh details to remarks already printed, but may confirm opinions expressed elsewhere, that Bacon was trying to draw in his ark or ship all the remnants of knowledge saved in the deluge of the former ages. He was trying to draw together opposed parties in church and state, to make men see the best side of each other, disregarding mere differences of opinion so long as in the main they were good men and true, willing to work for the love of God and His creatures. Hence it is that these letters show the brothers Anthony and Francis on intimate terms, on the one hand, with the Roman Catholic brotherhoods, the Servites, the Jesuits, and others, whose opinions, as one letter declares, "*were odious to them*;" on the other hand, equally intimate with, and attached to the excellent divines of the Puritan section of the church, who, although erring in their extremes of hatred to papistry, were yet modest in their opinions, and devoted in their efforts to disseminate the Bible and to preach the truth.

It has been asked, "How do you know that Bacon's biographers, being acquainted with these letters, yet *intentionally* held their peace concerning them?" I will reply by giving examples:

Nicholas Faunt is a voluminous correspondent of Anthony Bacon. His letters are very finely and closely written on large square sheets crammed with interesting matter, chiefly regarding church and state. In Spedding's *Life of Bacon* (seven volumes 8vo), Faunt (or Fant) is mentioned, and a footnote informs us that he

was one of Walsingham's secretaries and an intimate friend and correspondent of Anthony Bacon's; that he traveled into Germany and spent six or seven months between Geneva and the north of Italy, returning by Paris and London, the journey having occupied fifteen months.

The purpose of Faunt's travels is not stated, but the biographer adds that Faunt sympathized strongly with the Puritan party in religion, was a diligent observer of public affairs, and an able "intelligencer." The first of Spedding's quotations from Faunt's letters contains an unfavorable report of a Mr. Doyly, which Faunt discredits. This is in May, 1583. Next there is an allusion to Faunt in connection with the authenticity of "Notes on the Present State of Christendom," which Bacon seems to have fortified with Faunt's information. The date here is 1582. "It may be worth while," says Spedding, "to add that if I can trust my recollection of Nicholas Faunt's letters in the Lambeth Library, where some years ago I read a great number of them, the insertions are all in his hand." (*Letters and Life*, i. 18.)

Again, in a letter dated May, 1583, Spedding tells us, on the authority of these letters, that Faunt called on Francis Bacon in Gray's Inn, and was refused admittance, whereat he appears to have been chagrined. Lastly, we read that in February, 1593, Faunt was a bearer of a letter from Lady Anne Bacon to Anthony. This is all the mention made of Faunt during ten years, and no one reading the voluminous *Letters and Life of Bacon* would guess that this secretary of Walsingham was a man of any particular use or importance to the Bacons. But a perusal of "a great number" of Faunt's letters tells a different tale. Amongst other notable personages, we find him in correspondence with Theodore Beza, one of the great pillars of Puritanism, and who, twenty years earlier, had, with Peter the Martyr, taken an energetic and efficient part against the Pope, in the congresses or colloquies held subsequently to the Council of Trent. It was Beza whom the Queen mother, the wicked Catherine de Medicis, called up at the congress at Poissy in 1561, to begin the discussion on the anti-papal side. "He spoke with such heat," says the translator of the *History of the Council of Trent*, 1640 (pp. 451-454), "that he gave but ill satisfaction to those of his own party," and was not allowed to conclude. However, he escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572, and was still

working counter to the Pope and the Inquisition when Anthony Bacon corresponded with him in 1582.

I think it almost impossible that any biographer seeking information concerning the lives, aims and occupations of the brothers Anthony and Francis, or who has studied this collection of letters sufficiently to be capable of extracting from it scraps of information *not connected* with the reformation and the counter-reformation of the church, should have been blind to the tenor of passages which are generally ignored in this correspondence between Nicholas Faunt and Anthony Bacon.

But the case of Anthony Standen is still more remarkable. Here are about sixty letters written by this gentleman to Anthony Bacon from Holland, Germany, Italy, Spain, France, and sometimes from London. I think that he may have been one of the four traveling correspondents who, according to the Rosicrucian rules, were to be kept as paid servants. However this may be, he travels "under a cloud," and writes under at least three different names. Sometimes he is Anthony Standen, but in Spain he is *Andrew Sandal*; in France, "*La Faye*." The printed catalogue of MSS. at Lambeth, when mentioning the "Petition of Andrew Sandal," notes that it is the assumed name of "Mr. Standen, prisoner at Bourdeaux." But a *previous letter* in the collection, signed A. Sandal, and without date or address, omits this hint, although this is the first letter in the collection. The catalogue also withholds the information that "*La Faye*" is also Standen. Internal evidence and an acquaintance with his handwriting might lead to this conclusion, but we find it stated as a fact in Dr. Birch's *Memoirs of the Reign of Elizabeth*: "Standen wrote under the name of *La Faye*." (i. 70.)

Clearly, there is no ardent desire in any quarter to draw the attention of students to these MSS. and to the information which they afford that Anthony Bacon, in constant and close communication with his brother Francis, was busy in his behalf, drawing into his net, and, I think, initiating into his society, with stringent vows of secrecy, the good, the clever, the learned, and the power of every civilized country. Anthony is almost always assumed to have been a political agent for Essex, but the letters in this correspondence which show him in connection with Essex are as drops in the ocean.

Anthony Standen is described as a "Jesuit." Certainly he was an anti-papal Catholic and represented the "High Church," in

contradistinction to Faunt, the "Low Church" element in the religious world. But in fundamental matters of faith they were in accord — working for all that is best in church or state, and as such they were apparently equally dear to and valued by the brothers.

There are certain characteristics of the Rosicrucian and Freemason books which pervade the letters, the collection of letters and other documents, so far as I have been able to examine them.

1. The water-marks in the paper correspond with those of Bacon and his assistants, as drawn in *Francis Bacon and His Secret Society*. Pre-eminent is the jug, pot, or pitcher, with pearls, rays and sacred letters and symbols, such as prevail in early editions of all Bacon's works.

2. The peculiar intricate knots and flourishes of Rosicrucian or Freemason signatures (sometimes interspersed with the sacred monograms or symbolic letters) are here seen with much variety.

3. The parabolic language of the Rosicrucians and Freemasons pervades these letters, which speak freely of merchants, frigates, ships, armies, navies, fleets, of the mines of India, of lead, silver, gold, treasure, of poisons and remedies, etc., when it is palpable to the dullest mind that no such thing can be really in question.

4. The Rosicrucian or Freemason rule of change of name is observed. "Walter Spurway," the English *merchant*, becomes, a few lines farther on, "Vuater Spurnaye," and yet a few lines farther, "Vuardez." Subsequently, in a letter where he writes in French and signs himself "La Faye," Vuardez turns to "Vuardes." Another letter from him (with some large dots arranged as for cipher) ends thus: "Your loving friend to my power, Andrew Sandal." The letter begins thus: "Mr. Bringbourne, if you be the man *whom they call in Fontarabie Brybron*, I do desire to see you." The "loving" termination shows that the writer knew well that this was the case.

I append a translation of one of Standen's letters to Anthony Bacon, June 14, 1592, written in French, and signed La Faye — docketed "À Monsieur Geram" (Gorhambury).

CONSTANCE M. POTT.

TRANSLATION.

MONSIEUR,—By a merchant from London named Bostoc, I wrote to you April 15th from Paris, since when nothing of importance has occurred, excepting the departure of the King of Spain from Madrid to begin his voyage ——— from Arragon on the 4th of this month. In his company are the Prince and the Infanta, his daughter, whose marriage with the Emperor I cannot at present tell you of.

¹*This year you will have no army at sea, but for next year I do not know what to tell you. He who wrote to me by Bullart when I was with you, has taken the resolution, on account of the report which I made of your kindness and sincerity,—but also principally by the affection which he bears to that which is most dear to him in all the world,—to abandon all that he possesses here, and to go and see Monsieur, your uncle, to tell him those things which he cannot write, and upon this, without further ceremony, he will throw himself into your arms; it may be three months before he arrives. He will in no way heed the great peril which must surely fall on his head in trying to obviate the so many disasters which menace you. You will be pleased to take him under your protection, and to let him hear from MONSIEUR; above all let him be well treated, as somewhat of consequence. Believe me and my strongest assurance that there is nothing slippery or underhand about him, and whatsoever he may say by word of mouth, it is his meaning, pure and simple.*

Only there is this word to say, that the opinions which he holds are odious to you, and these, I assure you, death itself will not make him renounce; he wishes to enjoy them without offense or public scandal. And it please the good God that your Head may be satisfied with thus much, that is to say, with heart, body, and goods, leaving the soul to him who created it; this would be the true way to get both the cat and his skin, and the antidote to foreign plots, whether Scotch, French, Irish, or Spanish.

Perhaps in coming to you he might fall in with your fleet of ships, whereupon I wish to touch in order to warn you, and to beg he may receive no injury from those who do not know him. For good reasons he must change his name until he presents himself before you. Receive him freely and give him hearty welcome, for besides that he well deserves it, he highly honors MONSIEUR, and all that depends upon him.

I have not yet paid Bullart, being very short of money here, for, as you know, the expense at the first outset of keeping this fire alight is very great. That is why I have none nor can get any in this place. You would do me great service if you would as soon as possible send me 200 crowns and also your letters to an English merchant named Walter Spurway, who comes to St. Jean de Luz, putting outside La Faye and no more. This Spurway is from the west

¹From this point the margin is strongly marked with a double line drawn to the first full, and with a single line drawn against the rest, which we print in italics.

country, and not far from London. He is the only one of your nation whom I will trust. To him I will say that, such letters and monies coming into his hands, he will let me know of it. I entreat you let me know of your news; I am most anxious for them; the obligations for all that I owe you, and from which I neither can nor wish to free myself, having caused me to dedicate to you my service and my whole life.

Bullart has written to me, but not at all urgently, for his money, and says that he has sent you a packet of mine, of Jan. 24th, and offers to bring me the answer; which, if you will recommend him by word of letter to do, he assured me that he will do so, and anything that comes for La Faye he will forward to me. He writes that Warden has absented himself on account of debts of which I was not aware. I have written to Bullart that at the first convenient opportunity I will not fail to return him the ninety-seven crowns which I owe him, having already sent him forty-three. This must be done by other means than from this place, where there is no hope at all. If possible, I should wish that it may be done by your means, and that you may write to him that the money comes to him from a brother of mine. Within the packet which I sent you by Bostoc was an Alphabet, having lost the other coming from thence; he is to send it to Saint Jean de Luz, to the said Vuater Spurnaye, an English merchant, who usually lives there. He owes me some obligation for the good turn which I did him about the *Lead*,¹ which was taken from him. He is a manageable man, intelligent, and not conceited like most of the rest. As to letters coming from Bourdeaux, and no farther, I would always trust that man, and advise you to do the same with this said Vuardez.

In my other letter, I wrote to you that *the treasure of the Indies* had not yet arrived, which was then true, but since then, *the three frigates* have all come in, bringing for the king eight millions, as to particulars, *three, for the most part in wedges of gold, and as to silver, it remains at LaVare until another trip, when they will go to fetch it, which will be at a time when it is least thought of. As to the arrival of these frigates, we looked on each with admiration, and believe that if there are poisons there are remedies.*² . . . D'Aeres³ is gone to Rome, where he has received his pension of eighty crowns per month, and Mompesac has returned to Guyenne with silver and other hopes. Behold if I have not kept my promise to you. I had thought only to assure you of my safety.

I pray God, sir, that he may have you in this holy heeping.

Your very humble servant,

LA FAYE.

Written this 14th of July, 1592.

In writing, say not *where*, but only to La Faye.

¹ *Plomb*.

² Here follows some general news about the marriage of the Infanta and the Grand Treasurer, who has been heavily fined to be let out of prison.

³ Between the *e* and *s* a stroke above ending in note of interrogation.

Correspondence.

"The Sugared Sonnets."

Editor of Baconiana :

In an article entitled "The Sugared Sonnets," the writer (page 25) remarks more particularly on the 76th sonnet; assuming that the author of that sonnet, among others, intends the reader to understand that the said author's name is divulged (openly or by anagram) therein.

The quotation referred to, with context, runs thus :

"Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a notèd weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name ?"

He implies that the sameness proves identity, by repetition; so *name* here merely stands for the pronouns I, me, mine, myself; and that personage is "Will." See sonnets 134-6, 143.

The writer objects, very properly, to William Herbert, an Earl, as "Mr. W. H.," but does not appear to know of Lord Southampton's better claims. This nobleman was attainted of high treason and *lost* his title for about three years. During that period he was plain Mr. Henry Wriothesley, and his initials read backwards suit "W. H." Reference to Lord Southampton's imprisonment in the Tower of London will be found in sonnet 107: "Forfeit to a *con-fined* doom" for life! Then the words: "The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured," refer to the death of Queen Elizabeth, and consequent release of the Earl, who received a fresh title from James I. See *Antony and Cleopatra* :

"Alack, our terrene moon is now eclipsed."

Terrene — mortal.

Reference is also made to the *Passionate Pilgrim* of 1599; it was certainly a piracy, and no "beneficiary" to Shakspeare.

Yours respectfully, A. HALL.

13 Paternoster Row, London, June 21, 1892.

Editor of Baconiana :

Mr. Stotsenburg's article on the sonnets is candid and fair. But does he really doubt that Bacon wrote them? And if he did, what can any one find incompatible with the theory that they were addressed to Essex and his bride, A. D. 1590?

Mr. Stotsenburg says there is no proof that Bacon ever loved any woman but Lady Hatton, to whom he proposed and was rejected.

At the age of 27 Bacon drafted an important state paper for the Queen's principal secretary, Sir Francis Walsingham, whose only child was the young wife and widow of Sir Philip Sidney. She was doubtless accomplished and charming, if not beautiful. And is it not highly probable that Bacon was one of her admirers, aye, even one of her lovers? And if he wrote the sonnets in 1590, does he not represent himself as such? He describes her playing on the harpsichord, envies the keys that "nimble leap to kiss her hand," and says.

"Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss."

The other objection of Mr. Stotsenburg is more plausible, to-wit, that in the sonnets the writer calls himself "Will," and that there is no evidence that Bacon was ever so called. Dating the composition as early as 1590, it does seem a little uncertain whether at that time Bacon had begun to assume the mask of Shakespeare. It is possible that he did, for there must have been several of his plays performed on the stage as early as 1590. But at all events the mystery in regard to the name "Will" remains, whatever hypothesis is assumed in regard to the composition of the sonnets. And who knows that Bacon, as early as 1590, did not attempt to disguise his poetical compositions by calling himself "Will"?

W. H. BURR.

Mistress Mary Sayre.

Editor of Baconiana:

Thank you for the sample copy of BACONIANA, which, if it keeps to the wise and temperate policy you have inaugurated, will be some day a great power. I inclose a subscription for the ensuing year.

Can any of your readers, that marvelous Baconian scholar Mrs. Pott, for instance, tell us anything of a certain Mistress Mary Sayer or Sayre, who married a man named John Pretymen, and who, I believe, was a kinswoman of the Bacons. If you can get any information it may be of use in this investigation, and will be appreciated by,

Yours very truly,

SAM. CABOT.

Boston, July 18, 1892.

Idol Worship.

Editor of Baconiana:

Although a believer in the cipher, that is that a cipher story is involved in the Shakespeare plays, as every fair-minded person must admit after a careful study of Donnelly's book, I don't think it follows

that Bacon is the author of the plays, even if he claimed so. Read his letters, and you will admit Macaulay's estimate of him is just. He not only had one man tortured, but he advised the torture of another, one Peacock. And his time-serving is amply displayed in his letters to James and that snob Buckingham. Is there no danger lest some of us become as insane idolators of Bacon as others are of Shakspeare? We give him too much credit. He was a great student of books, and some of his best ideas are taken direct from old Roger Bacon. It is amazing, as well as amusing, to note how some would give Bacon credit as having been almost the founder of the English language. Most of the peculiar words Donnelly and Mrs. Pott assign to Bacon's invention, or at least credit him as their introducer, were in common use a hundred and fifty years before Bacon was born. Take the "Pasten letters," Bohn's edition, vol. i., and read only from page 15 to page 30, and you shall find many of those words Mrs. Pott gives us in her article in *BACONIANA*. Our English language was as rich in words when these letters were written (A. D. 1420-60), and long before, as it is to-day. Or take the old Bibles and Testaments, and see what a wondrous variety of words were in common use. I might include our "Book of Common Prayer," but some would insinuate Bacon had a hand in that perhaps! That book is a treasury of the finest words and grandest expressions in our language—the grandest speech ever developed on this planet.

By the way, I am satisfied there is also a cipher involved in *Every Man in his Humor*. Some old edition may have the key. I began to search for it merely as a joke—"went to laugh and stayed to pray." The prologue has the title of the play and York and Lancaster, etc., in it. Many of the Shakespeare and other plays are named in the comedy—*All's Well*, *Measure for Measure*, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Cæsar*, *Tempest*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Jew of Venice*, or *Merchant*, and others. The naming of *Othello* is very suspicious. Marlowe, Green, and others, Shake-spir, William, Francis Bacon are named—the latter in a very forced way. It is worth looking up.

Respectfully yours,

Oregon, Mo.

CLARKE IRVINE.

"What We Do Not Know About Shakespeare."

Editor Baconiana:

In *Poet Lore* for January, '92, Mrs. Caroline H. Dall, in a note relative to Roger Bacon and Mr. William D. O'Connor, says. "The

most absurd and presumptuous volume known to literature—namely, Donnelly's *Great Cryptogram*," etc. Mrs. Dall, a few years ago, published a 12mo book, entitled, *What we Really Know about Shakespeare*, which is characterized by certain grave errors, mistakes, assumptions, etc., to such an extent that I once heard a Shakespearean scholar criticise it in public, concluding his remarks in words to this effect: That these unfortunate errors might lead one to suggest that its title should be changed to "What we really do not know about Shakespeare."

In *Poet Lore* for April "W. H." is affirmed to be Mr. Wm. Harvey, the widower of Southampton's mother.

But these items, with others to be found there, may be familiar to you; even so, no harm is done in calling attention to them.

G. E. O.

A Query for Mr. Appleton Morgan.

Editor of Baconiana:

In *Shakespeariana*, a quarterly published in this city, Appleton Morgan, president of the New York Shakespeare Society, says, in a letter printed on page 82 of the July (1891) issue, that he does not wish to be considered a Baconian authority, and that, while he believes that all the facts stated in his *The Shakespearean Myth* (which he printed ten years ago) are correct, he will not disbelieve in Shakespeare, because he has found an explanation for those facts, which (I presume) permits him to still believe in Shakespeare.

Mr. Morgan's *Shakespearean Myth* appeared in 1880. There was a second edition in 1885. In 1887 a third edition appeared, in which there is an entirely new page—page 128. This is devoted to a Dr. Heylin, who, in 1637, wrote out a list of literary people in London, and made some general remarks about English literature. The insertion of this page in 1888 (Mr. Morgan was elected president of the Shakespeare Society in 1885) shows that three years after he had "renounced" Baconianism he was still investigating the subject. Now, I wish BACONIANA would ask Mr. Morgan—with the explanation he has found—to come forward and kindly explain away that page 128. He may (and I understand does) claim that he has discovered "better reasons" for the facts in his *Myth* which (according to him, when he quoted them) could only be explained in one possible way. But I would like to ask Mr. Morgan to explain the fact that in 1637 a man who knows all

about Gower, Lydgate, Chaucer, Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton and Ben Jonson (who was a friend of his, by the way) never even heard of Shakespeare! Remember that in 1632, five years before the second folio of Shakespeare had been printed, some of the single plays, *Othello* and *Richard III.* and others, were still being separately published; that the poems appeared every year or two, and that in that very year *Romeo and Juliet* was brought out in a fifth quarto! All in London, where Heylin, an M. D., or a D. D., lived and died.

Let us pin Mr. Morgan down to explain away Dr. Heylin, the writer of books, the friend of Ben Jonson, who never heard of Shakespeare! Yours very respectfully, THOMAS F. JORDAN.

New York, July, 1892.

Riddles, Enigmas and Acrostics.

Editor of Baconiana:

I read the first number of BACONIANA and must say that I was more than pleased with the same. I think you should have made it a monthly instead of a quarterly, as you will have plenty of material to work on. When you come to examine the works of Bacon and Shakespeare closely, you will find that they are full of riddles, enigmas, acrostics, etc., which have never been explained. I will here give you a few examples, which may interest your readers:

“**B**egun to tell me what I am; but stopped
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, ‘Stay not yet.’”

—*Tempest*, i. 2.

“**T**hen sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.”

—*Much Ado*, ii. 3.

Here we have Bacon, as it says in *Love's Labor Lost*, without a crack or flaw, and so you will find in many more places Bacon's and other names worked in. Work out the riddles of Shakespeare and you have the whole cipher mystery in a nutshell.

I wish also to submit a discovery I made some time ago in the frontispiece of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. In one of the pictures is a garden scene, and around the margins of the flower beds you will find “William,” “Shake,” etc., etc. Examine the print with a good microscope.

Another discovery I made some ten years ago by the merest accident, but had almost forgotten it, until the other day, while reading some of the Shakespeare plays, I found some reference to the same — that is either to this picture or some other pictures made in Bacon's time, as I don't know at this moment in what year this edition was made. In the "World Edition," 1876, there is a portrait of "Shakespeare" taken from an old painting "in the possession of the Duke of Buckingham." Now, examine this portrait with a microscope if you want to see ciphers till you can't rest. I think all the old pictures are full of ciphers. See "*Romeo and Juliet*," i. 3. "Read over the volume of young Paris' face, examine every married lineament, find what is written in the margin of his eyes," etc.

ELI GOOD.

St. Joseph, Mo., July, 1892.

Bacon's Style.

Editor of Baconiana:

I have been told, much to my surprise, that the paper on "Francis Bacon's Style," which was honored by being made to lead the dance in the first number of this magazine, was "too short and not sufficiently in detail." I feared that it was too long, and made up of details which would be considered dry to most readers. Thus encouraged, however, I return to the charge, and will try, as swiftly as possible, to pick up dropped stitches. "Give us some idea of the sort of difference you have found between the Shakespearean concordance and some chapter or portion of Bacon's works."

Well, I counted and arranged the words in his *Essay of Prometheus*, and found nearly nine hundred *different* words, of which only fourteen are absent from the concordance. They are these: Allegory, clandestine, collisions, efficacy, Euclid, fluctuate, harangue, irrational, precipitantly, strenuous, subtilized, temerity, trite, bull-rush.

The last word, and the only Saxon one in the list, is in a quotation from the Bible. Again, to take a larger instance, the *History of Henry VII.*, consisting of thirty-eight pages, octavo, contains about 76,000 words, of which (omitting some proper names and purely foreign words) all but 101 are in *Shakespeare*. But, again, of these 101 words, sixty-four are in *Shakespeare*, under slightly modified forms, thus:

BACON. — Ingenerate, illegitimation, inheritress, incongruity.

SHAKESPEARE. — Ingener, legitimation, inheritrix, congruing, congruent.

Of this class, many appear to be coined, or modified in true Baconian fashion. Of the remaining thirty-four words, *not found in Shakespeare*, eleven are legal or technical terms; they are: Advowtry, chievances, habilitate, inchoations, minatory, mortpays, non-claim, paramount, preamble, stellionate, tallages.

There is also one architectural term, a *half-pace*, not in *Shakespeare*, and three provincial or Saxon expressions of the nature of the "sturdy country words" which the poet is said to introduce with so much effect. These are *land-loper*, *scum* and *shoar*; but *scum* is used four times in the plays, and "lubber" for "loper" is five times repeated.

Of our 76,000 words there remain twenty-three for which we have found no congeners in the plays, but which appear to have been formed on a similar plan to those used by *Shakespeare* in a strictly classical signification, or modified, if not coined, to express nice shades of meaning. These are the words in excess: Accelerate, apposite, blandishment, churm, denizens, deprecatory, dormant, drapery, emissary, epidemic, evangelist, evangile, flit, infausting, ingratiate, laic, livid, lucid, obnoxious, offertory, postilled, subterfuge, sycophant.

Upwards of a hundred passages, whole essays, letters, chapters of treatises, verses, devices, etc., by Bacon have been thus examined, and the vocabulary compared with *Shakespeare*, in all cases with similar results.

Another method of analysis has also been tried by means of Cowden-Clark's *Shakespeare Key*. This work was published only a few years ago for the purpose of "unlocking the treasures of his style, elucidating the peculiarities of his construction and displaying the beauties of his expression."

In the preface to this key, the editor says: "Never was author who combined so many different words in his single writings, and not only so many different words, but so many varied forms and uses of words, as Shakespeare; never was author who comprised so many different phrases and sentences with varied constructional forms of phrases and sentences, as Shakespeare: therefore it is that a ready means for inspecting these must needs be an advantage to students of the English language."

The table of contents to the *Shakespeare Key* embraces ninety-four headings, of which sixty-two concern the drama, rules of the stage, beauties of the plays, and other matters not immediately bearing upon our subject. Exclusive of these, there remain fifty-three headings chiefly concerning points of style. Almost every detail of the so-called Shakespearianisms, or "characteristic peculiarities of Shakespeare's style," can be, *have been* shown paralled with similar peculiarities from the authentic writings of Bacon. No fewer than thirty-two points referred to in the "*Key*" are illustrated from the short *History of Henry VII.* alone.

If this subject should continue, as I hope it may, to interest students, I shall hope to submit to you some of the comparisons which I have collected. A great deal depends upon making firm our foundations, and at the base of all style are the words, "images of thoughts," which tell us so much of him who uses them.

Now the words used by Bacon may conveniently be divided into six classes: (1) Anglo-Saxon, or old English words in use before his time. (2) Classical words long current in England. (3) Classical words known chiefly by the philosopher or pedagogue, and perhaps not used by them as English words. (4) Words introduced from abroad earlier than Bacon's time. (5) Foreign words introduced and adapted by him. (6) Words actually coined by him.

To conclude with a few remarks about class 1: In *Marsh's Manual* a table is drawn up for the purpose of showing that the greatest English authors have used more Anglo-Saxon words than any other in their writings. According to this table *Shakespeare* averages 85 per cent. of Anglo-Saxon to 15 of other words.

On examining a number of essays and passages from the *New Atlantis* and the *History of Henry VII.*, the following is the result, which, allowing for possible errors, is, I believe, still a fair presentation of the state of the case with regard to Bacon's use of Anglo-Saxon words:

<i>Essay of Truth</i> , Anglo-Saxon words.....	85 per cent.
<i>Essay of Great Place</i> , Anglo-Saxon words ..	83 per cent.
<i>Essay of Travel</i> , Anglo-Saxon words.....	87 per cent.
<i>Essay of Friendship</i> , Anglo-Saxon words....	85 per cent.
<i>Essay of Death</i> , Anglo-Saxon words.....	87 per cent.
<i>History of Henry VII.</i> , Anglo-Saxon words..	83 per cent.
<i>New Atlantis</i> , Anglo-Saxon words.....	85 per cent.

CONSTANCE M. POTT.

Book Reviews.

[Any book here mentioned will be mailed by the publishers of BACONIANA to any address on receipt of price.]

William Shakespeare. Translated from the French of Victor Hugo, by Prof. Melville B. Anderson, M.A. 8vo, 424 pages, \$2.00.

This volume is much more than a study of Shakespeare. All history, all theology, and all philosophy are grasped and handled with titanic force; Shakespeare furnishing the text, or the pretext, for magnificent speculation. Why has this great work of Hugo's never before been Anglicized?

Essays by Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, Baron Verulam.

Edited, with a Biographical and Critical Introduction and New Notes, by Prof. Melville B. Anderson. 16mo, gilt top, \$1.00.

The painstaking and conscientious efforts of the editor of this new edition of Bacon's Essays, together with its elegance of form, should win for it wide appreciation and popularity.

The Columbus of Literature; or, Bacon's New World of Sciences.

By W. F. C. Wigston. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co. 8vo, 217 pp. Cloth extra, \$2.00.

Mr. Wigston holds that "the true direction to search for authorship of the plays is in Lord Bacon's works in conjunction with the plays. The idea that Bacon (if he wrote these plays) planned nothing in connection with them of a key nature or as explanatory of his rightful claim as author is absurd. If these plays are not bound up with the entire 'Instauration,' it is useless to imagine a cipher exists alone in the 1623 folio. The greatest and most conclusive proof of Bacon's authorship of these plays is to find collusions, parallels and cipher congruities between them and his prose or acknowledged works." A very large part of this volume is given to setting forth these "collusions," etc. And it must be confessed there is an astonishing array of them, even after rejecting many which may be obvious to the author, but seem rather blind to one who has given the matter less study. He says, frankly, that he sees no particular object in merely "changing the name" of the author of the plays, and says his purpose is "to suggest in a humble way that the folio (of 1623) plays are symbolical and examples of Bacon's inductive system, to which they are wedded by means of every sort of syllogism, analogy and parallel, joined to a great system of cipher." It is probably this theory that the plays make a part of Bacon's work—regarding his various writings as a whole

together—a part without which all his work is incomplete, but with which the proportions and purpose of the whole may be more or less dimly seen—it is this view that Mr. Wigston would probably claim as peculiarly his own; but if any reader feels any interest in the controversy at all, his whole work is interesting. Mr. Wigston does not consider the question why, if Bacon wrote the plays and purposely introduced collusion, parallel and cipher in order that, sooner or later, they should disclose his authorship, he did not so plan them that, though concealed from his own generation, there could be no possible mistake or dispute about the meaning when the attention of posterity should be called to the theory that there was some revelation to be made. But if he were asked this question, he might doubtless reply that the same kind of question has been asked about the revelation of the Scriptures, and, as the church holds, triumphantly answered; and that if omniscience is defensible for making an imperfect and unconvincing revelation, then, *a fortiori*, a finite man, even though a Bacon, is not to be condemned for failing to do better.

Aside, however, from all question of merit in the claim itself, Mr. Wigston's book is remarkable for its evidence of extraordinary patience and industry, and, perhaps, even more for the evidence of a profound and enthusiastic conviction in the author's mind that he is on the track of the truth which permeates every page. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Humanity in its Origin and Early Growth.* By E. Colbert, M.A. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. 12mo, 409 pp. Cloth, \$1.50.
- The Mortal Moon*; or, Bacon and His Masks. The Defoe Period Unmasked. By J. E. Roe. New York: Burr Printing House. 12mo, 605 pp. Cloth, \$1.50.
- The Lost Manuscript.* A novel. By Gustav Freytag. Authorized translation from the sixteenth German edition. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. 12mo, 953 pp. Cloth, \$1.00.
- The Shakespearean Myth.* William Shakespeare and Circumstantial Evidence. By Appleton Morgan. Third edition. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo, 342 pp. Cloth, \$2.00.
- The First Edition of Shakespeare.* The Works of William Shakespeare, in reduced fac-simile from the famous first folio edition of 1623, with an introduction by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Crown 8vo, 926 pp. Cloth, \$2.50.



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